

THE DEMOCRAT.

Published Every Friday Morning.
TILLMAN & PRICE, Proprietors.

VERMILION 1 MISSOURI.

A Perilous Encounter

By EDITH MORGAN WILLETT

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

TWO lonely hours to face and then that brother of hers would be here.

Ah! there were those sounds again! The girl sprang to her feet, thereby considerably upsetting the equilibrium and dignity of the yellow cat.

"What a goose I am!" she declared, resolutely returning to the arm chair. "It's only the 'Post,' with its account of the Wilson robbery, that has filled my mind with burglars. I won't look at the horrid paper again."

Yet notwithstanding she was no sooner comfortably settled than she took up that identical sheet and with true feminine inconsistency proceeded to read certain glaring headlines word for word.

"Burglars make a clean sweep," crowned the page in large type, then below followed the details of one of the most noteworthy robberies of the season.

"Silver, jewelry and other valuables made way with. Detectives on the lookout for 'John Bull' as he is known in housebreaking circles, who is believed to be at the bottom of this and other daring burglaries. A reward of \$5,000 is offered for his capture."

The girl's eyes, horribly fascinated, traveled to the bottom of the sheet where a description of the notorious British burglar was presented in large letters. "Age about 30. Height over six feet. Figure athletic. Complexion fair. Looks like a gentleman."

Was it only her absurd fancy that was fitting a latchkey to the outer door?

Her hands gripped the sides of the chair. What was to be done? She thought of the dinner going yearningly, and with sudden inspiration of Tom's pistol in his top drawer upstairs. With these trusty weapons at hand how safe she would feel.

The gong was easily procured from the dining room, but it took a lengthy search amid a troubled sea of handkerchiefs and neckties in Tom's top drawer to discover his pistol. This wasn't loaded, fortunately for her, but held in the proper masculine attitude would do beautifully, and down the stairs she fled, the little steel revolver held aloft at full cock, her forefinger on the trigger.

But on the bottom step she came to a full stop—for something strange and familiar confronted her in the shadow of the library door. At first she joyfully thought it was Tom's valise standing there nicely strapped but inconspicuous, but a second glance removed that possibility.

The girl stood irresolute on the staircase trying to think clearly. Of course his first object would be the silver in the dining room, he must be there now, in which case her refuge should be the library.

She reached that conclusion and the door simultaneously, pulled back the portiere with a jerk and drew up panting on the threshold, for before her, standing with his back to the fire, in the act of examining a bejeweled paper weight, which he must have placed up from the table beside him, was the burglar!

At her approach he turned a startled face, and for a moment the little response ornament trembled in his hands—the next he had replaced it on the table.

"Miss Haversham, I believe," he said, coming to meet her with what she felt was a pitiful attempt at nonchalance.

The girl only stared at him. Her dazed eyes were taking note of his height, the athletic, gentlemanly figure. The close cropped, blonde hair. The unmistakably English face.

Her inventory tallied exactly with the original. Was it possible that before her stood the great notorious John Bull himself?

But a sudden laugh from the man brought her back to her senses.

"May I ask," he was inquiring deferentially enough, "if those two alarming objects you are holding are intended for me?"

The pistol and the gong! of course! how absurd she must look! The girl flushed with annoyance.

"It's just because I'm the only person in the house," she began in self defense and then stopped abruptly.

What a thing to tell a burglar!

His twinkling eyes only increased her confusion.

"Not that I am alone in the house," she went on desperately. "My brother, of course—" How she was going to truthfully end that sentence she had not the least idea, but the burglar saved her the trouble.

"Oh, yes!" he interrupted, with a brazen effrontery that astonished her.

"I'm afraid you won't see your brother for another hour. He's been detained in Boston on business."

"So you came on ahead and took possession," she rejoined, with a biting little laugh.

The villain, he had timed his visit well. No wonder he felt secure with only one defenseless girl to cope with.

With swift decision she seated herself in the arm chair. If he could be delayed, diverted, engaged in conversation.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked, with an inviting smile.

"Now, let's have a plain talk together," she began confidentially. "I assure you I'm quite to be trusted, and I want to ask you a lot of questions. In the first place, are you the genuine John Bull?"

The burglar regarded her inquiringly. "Well, yes," he said slowly. "I think I can aspire to that distinction." She could not resist clapping her hands. "I knew it! I knew it!" she declared triumphantly. "You see, I read all about you in the Post this very evening, and now to actually see you." She drew a long breath and eyed him critically.

A queer expression crossed the burglar's face. Was it embarrassment or amusement?

"Really," he murmured, "it's awfully good of you, I'm sure."

She contemplated him with gravity. "You see," she said, earnestly, "I can't help being sorry for you when I think of the dangerous life you are leading. The awful risk you run. To think (she clasped her hands excitedly) that at any moment you may be captured. Haven't you found out that you are a tremendous catch?"

The burglar raised his eyebrows a trifle. "I confess," he began lightly, "that thought has never occurred to me before." How careless and incredulous his tone! Her heart beat fast and thick. Could it be possible he did not realize that he was a hunted man, a prize on his head? The girl rose to her full height.

"Don't you know," she blurted out, "that the whole country is on your track, your name is in all the papers and a full description of you has been carried all over the United States?"

But the man only stared at her blankly a moment and then burst out laughing.

"Now you are chaffing me," he declared. "You're not in earnest. I can't believe that you Americans would make such a fuss over a mere title."

His "title"? Did he mean his sobriquet, his alias?

"Ah, well," she said, repressing an inclination to laugh, "you're a notorious character, you know."

"I am afraid you were hard up," she continued, hesitatingly. "I know nothing but pressing need of money would have brought you here to-night, and I want you to let me help you out. Yes," she continued emphatically, warning to her scheme, "I'm going to make you a fair and square proposal. I'll give you the things, instead of your—er—talentless! These rings, for instance" (she was stripping her bejeweled fingers) "and this bracelet ought to be worth something in ready money." She held them out to him with an inviting smile, but the burglar recoiled, his face working strangely.

"Are you mad?" he said in quiet, staccato tones, "or is this one of your American jokes?"

"Of course, it isn't," the girl protested, indignantly. "I'm in dead earnest, and this isn't all, nearly all that I want to give you. We've some old family silver, hideous but valuable, and lots of other things that I'm going to get this very minute."

She was moving rapidly towards the door, as she spoke, but the burglar made no attempt to follow her this time, he only stood rooted to the carpet, his face expressing utter bewilderment.

Suddenly his heel crushed something that rustled crisply. He stooped down with an exclamation. It was only a newspaper in a crumpled heap by the arm chair, and he was about to replace it carefully on the table when a certain paragraph caught and riveted his eye.

One instant he stood staring at it in silent amazement, the next a peal of deep bass laughter rang through the room. Surely the burglar seemed like one possessed. He hugged himself mirthfully, chuckling like a schoolboy, and staggering about in spasms of uncontrollable laughter. These lasted only for a few moments, however, for a light footstep in the hall recalled his self-possession.

The girl came towards him breathlessly, her arms laden with a varied collection of silverware which she proceeded to place on the table one by one.

"I'll just stow this ere in my valise right off if you'll allow me." He fetched it from the hall forthwith and proceeded to pack away each article with wondrous eyes. A change sudden and unmistakable had come over him in the last few minutes. She supposed it was the sight of the silver that had turned the gentleman into the burglar, and a cockney at that, for now that he was off his guard a lack of "h" was painfully evident.

She turned on him impulsively. "Tell me, have you never done any honest work in your life?"

"No mum," he confessed, "I've never done a stroke of honest work in my life."

"Perhaps," she suggested, "I might get you a position in some good lively stable, where you could drive hacks and that sort of thing. There must be lots of openings and—who knows—you might end by owning a cab yourself."

It was an alluring prospect, but her enthusiasm awakened no response. The burglar only looked distinctly depressed.

"It ain't no use, miss," he said, gloomily. "Them chances fall to luckier chaps than me."

The girl smiled at him encouragingly. "Ah, well," she reminded him, "perhaps it's best to be satisfied with less. Don't mind starting from the very beginning. Think—it cost her a certain effort to say it—"how your wife is probably breaking her heart for you."

The man started, then he eyed her inscrutably. "Beggin' yer pardon miss," he said, "I'm unfortunately not a married man."

The statement gave her a not wholly unpleasant shock, but she saw her duty plainly before her.

"Oh, but you must get married," she began, forcing a brisk and enthusiastic manner. "A good wife would be the saving of you" (her cheeks crimsoned beneath his steady, disconcerting gaze, but she went on bravely with her set little speech). "Now, take my advice, and be on the lookout for a nice, thrifty young woman, some one who'll take care of you and look after your savings."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the burglar.

He stopped abruptly, his words cut short by the distant shriek of an engine that suddenly filled the room.

"The 11:30 express!" ejaculated the girl. "Tom has arrived."

"Your brother?" repeated the burglar incredulously, "already?"

"Yes!"—she was feverishly consulting her watch—"he'll be here in five minutes—no, ten at the latest." Her voice shook a little. "Aren't you going now?"

"No," said the burglar. He had crossed the room and now stood facing her, his broad shoulders set against the door.

"No," he declared emphatically, "I've about decided to stay and give myself up."

"But," she stammered, her eyes looking appealingly in his, "I—want you to escape this time."

The burglar started perceptibly. "Hi escape?" he ejaculated. "Hi couldn't have 'eard you rightly, mum, you didn't use that word!" She was standing by the window, her hands pressed tightly together. "Yes," she said determinedly, "escape right away—by this window. I insist upon it."

He got up on the sill. "Well, ma'am," (thus reproachfully, "It's not my wish you shouldn't to 'ave tempted a repentant burglar from following after his converted conscience.")

She hastened in sudden recollection to pick up his bag from the floor. "Don't wait another instant," she warned him. "Here's your valise. Now, go."

He swung himself out of sight.

The girl watched a moment by the window listening intently, but not a sound was to be heard. He must have gotten away safely. Five minutes passed, ten.

"I need not have hurried him away so fast," she thought in sudden disappointment.

But a sudden slam of the door cut short her meditations. "Hello, Sis," cried a big voice, and running forward, the girl threw her arms around a stalwart individual in an ulster.

"Yes, here I am at last," he announced cheerfully. "Was detained unexpectedly by my lawyer in Boston, so I sent on Jack ahead. By the way (his voice sunk to a whisper), he's my ranching chum, whom I've brought back with me; awfully nice fellow. Gave him my latchkey and told him to make himself at home. I knew you'd look after him all right." (He broke into a laugh.) "And yet in spite of all my directions, I'm blest if the old chap didn't reach the house just as I did. Come in, Jack, and explain how you lost your way!"

"I'm afraid there was a mistake somewhere," confessed a well-known voice.

The girl gave a great start. In the doorway, behind Tom, topping even his tall shoulders, appeared an unmistakable figure in gray tweeds.

He was coming towards her. As in a dream her hands were taken in a firm, friendly grasp. "So glad to meet Tom's sister," said a familiar voice. "I really feel as if I knew you already."

"So do I," she faltered, her eyes meeting his in swift appeal, "and yet I don't even know your name."

"That's so," broke in her brother. "I'll have to make a formal introduction. Mildred, allow me to present to you Lord Huntington, captain of Her Majesty's Life Guards and the earl of Deerfield."

And No Time to Fool.

The latest story about Admiral Cotton is that, when he arrived at Beirut and the wall sent to ask his intentions, he replied that he had no intentions, no policy and "no blank cartridges." The last clause struck the wall as peculiarly significant and order was restored at once.

Nature's Greatest Cure for Men and Women

Swamp-Root is the Most Perfect Healer and Natural Aid to the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder Ever Discovered.

"Swamp-Root Saved My Life."

A FARMER'S STRONG TESTIMONIAL.
I received promptly the sample bottle of your kidney remedy, Swamp-Root.
I had an awful pain in my back, over the kidneys.



MR. T. S. APKER.

neys, and had to urinate from four to seven times a night, often with smarting and burning. Brick dust would settle in the urine. I lost twenty pounds in two weeks and thought I would soon die. I took the first dose of your Swamp-Root in the evening at bed time, and was very much surprised. I had to urinate but once that night, and the second night I did not get up until morning. I have used three bottles of Swamp-Root and today am as well as ever.

I am a farmer and am working every day, and weigh two pounds, the same that I weighed before I was taken sick.

Gratefully yours,
T. S. Apker,
March Hill, Pa.
April 9th, 1903.

There comes a time to both men and women when sickness and poor health bring anxiety and trouble hard to bear; disappointment seems to follow every effort of physicians in our behalf, and remedies we try have little or no effect. In many such cases serious mistakes are made in doctoring, and not knowing what the disease is or what makes us sick. Kind nature warns us by certain symptoms, which are unmistakable evidence of danger, such as too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, scalding irritation, pain or dull ache in the back—they tell us in silence that our kidneys need doctoring. If neglected now, the disease advances until the face looks pale or sallow, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, feet swell, and sometimes the heart acts badly.

There is comfort in knowing that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, fulfills every wish in quickly relieving such troubles. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. In taking this wonderful new discovery Swamp-Root you afford natural help to nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect helper and gentle aid to the kidneys that has ever been discovered.

Swamp-Root a Blessing to Women.

My kidneys and bladder gave me great trouble for over two months and I suffered untold misery.



MRS. E. AUSTIN.

I became weak, emaciated and very much run down. I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. After I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent me on my request, I experienced relief and I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without any bad symptoms whatever. Swamp-Root has proved a blessing to me.

Gratefully yours,
Mrs. E. Austin,
19 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Prove What SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy Will do for YOU, Every Reader of Our Paper May Have a Sample Bottle FREE by Mail.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—If you are sick or "feel badly" send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book telling all about it, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in this paper. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

The Century's Fires.

The list of the century's fires—1797-1897—amounts up to 1,115, and the deaths to at least 10,000. A little over two-fifths of these occurred in the United States. These latter have not however been proportionately fatal, for the deaths amount to less than a twelfth. But in 28 fires occurring in "other countries" there have been lost more than 4,000 lives.

Reason for Anger.

Clara—Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Snappeschotte's? Miss Maydeval (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence. "Gracious! What was it?" "Why, on the back of every picture were these words: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"—Boston Traveler.

Alnwick Castle.

Alnwick castle, according to the observation of a learned antiquary, owes its origin to the Romans. It is one of the largest Gothic buildings in Britain, containing about five acres of ground within its outer walls, flanked with 16 towers and turrets.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Female Workers in Munich.

At Munich many of the clerks at the banks and hotels are girls, and as cashiers and bookkeepers at restaurants and other houses of business they are well in evidence. Many women are also employed at railway stations as booking office clerks.—N. Y. Sun.

The Arizona Way.

Stranger—Do the officers of the law here attend strictly to their duties? Arizona Al—They haf to. Suspended the sheriff for lettin' a hoss thief escape.

"From office?"

"No—from a tree."—N. Y. Journal.

Whisky from Maple Syrup.

With the flowing of the sap, a new industry will open up to the maple sugar makers in prohibition New England, as it has been discovered that a fine article of whisky can be distilled from the sirup.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Complicated Rifle.

The British army rifle has 82 component parts, in the production of which 952 machines are employed, as well as various processes which do not require machinery.

Rouen's Remarkable Bridge.

A bridge in the form of an aerial ferry has just been opened at Rouen, on the River Seine. In order to avoid interference with shipping, it was determined to place no structure in the stream, or near its surface. Instead of a bridge in any of the ordinary forms, a horizontal flooring, sustained by steel towers and suspension cables, was stretched across the river at an elevation of 167 feet. On this flooring run electrically-driven rollers, from which is suspended, by means of steel ropes, a car, which moves at the level of the wharves on the river banks. The car is 36 feet wide and 42 feet long, and is furnished, like a ferry boat, with accommodations for carriages and foot passengers. The ropes that carry the hanging car are interlaced diagonally in such a manner that the support is rigid, and a swinging motion is avoided.—Youth's Companion.

An Embarrassing Alternative.

A lady whose Christian name is Jane, and whose little daughter is named after her, engaged a housekeeper, who is also named Jane.

Thinking that three Janes in one household might occasion confusion, the lady said to the newcomer, who was a tall, angular woman, with a rigid air and an uncompromising cast of countenance: "I think, Jane, it will be better for me to call you by your last name if you have no objection."

"No'm; I have no objection," said the housekeeper, standing stiffly erect, valise in hand.

"Call me 'Darling,' ma'am, if you prefer. That's my name."—Memphis Semitar.

Status of Birds' Nests.

One of the conicalities of the protective tariff appears in the treasury correspondence, where Assistant Secretary Spaulding instructs the collector at Los Angeles that duty must be assessed on Chinese birds' nests as "enumerated manufactured articles." Gen. Spaulding says that these birds' nests are "manufactured" in the sense of having been put through cleansing to prepare them for market. If anybody protests, the department will welcome it as a means of getting the question before the courts and having it definitely settled.—Chicago Chronicle.